NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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A MODERN HERO.

Sorrow as for the loss of a loved friend was felt all over the English speaking world, early in November last, when the telegraph flashed the message that Professor Fawcett, the blind postmaster General of England, was dead. Rarely has the world seen such a bright, lovable character combined with so heroic a nature. A great lover of outdoor sports, of strong literary ability also, passing through college with high honors and early giving promise of future greatness, he was deprived in one fatal moment of the sight of both his eyes. Would it have been strange if he had given up in despair and never have been heard of again except as a man who *might* have accomplished something if *such a calamity had not* befallen him? Let us see if he did.

Henry Fawcett was born in Salisbury in August 1833, his father being an alderman of that city. A thorough English boy, possessing a perfect constitution and rare good spirits, he was devoted to all sorts of outdoor sports, walking, riding, rowing, skating, fishing, he was proficient in them all. But unlike some young athletes these were only his recreations, never his chief business. He was a diligent student and his college career was a successful one. He entered King's College, London, in his seventeenth year and in 1852 he went to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, from which four years later he graduated with high mathematical honors, and was the same year elected a fellow of his hall. For years he had looked forward to a career in Parliament, so although he disliked the profession of law, he began to study for it as a means to this end; but his chief attention was given to the study of philosophy and political economy.

But now came the great check to his life plans. One September day, shortly after his twenty-fifth birthday, he was out shooting with his father when the latter's gun accidentally went off, the shot lodging in his son's eyes and completely destroying them both. This to most men would have effectually sealed the doom of all their hopes. *But young Fawcett* was made of sterner stuff. His usual superb health was not affected by the accident, and he soon recovered his wonted spirits; while with a courage hard to understand he determined to become in spite of this great affliction all that he had ever intended to be. He soon obtained the services of a reader who became his constant companion, and thus continued his studies, and just one year after his accident he gave before the British Association a paper on "The Economic Effects of the recent Gold Discovery." The ice thus broken he appeared frequently in public and took an active part in the British and the Social Science Associations. He had a wonderful memory. He used to dictate his speeches before he delivered them, and it is said that if a person had looked upon the written copy while he was delivering the speech they would have found that he repeated it almost word for word.

In 1861 he made his first attempt to get into Parliament but failed. In 1863 he published a "Manual of Political Economy" and notwithstanding his blindness was appointed professor of political economy in the university of Cambridge. After three unsuccessful attempts the wish of his life was gratified and he was returned to Parliament, for Brighton, in 1865. In 1867 Mr. Fawcett married a very clever and accomplished lady, Miss Millicent Garrett, a sister of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, who is well known as the first lady physician in England. Mrs. Fawcett is herself as well up in the

PROFESSOR FAWCETT,
THE LATE BRITISH POSTMASTER GENERAL.

subject of Political Economy as her husband and has been of untold help to him in his work. She, in 1869, published a book on "Political Economy for Beginners;" a few years later issued, with her husband, a volume of essays and lectures on the same subject; and in 1874 another volume consisting of tales illustrative of political economy.

Mr. Fawcett's career in Parliament was a successful one. His sympathies lay largely with the youth and the poor people of the country, and he did much for their advancement. There was a law providing that children in factories should only work half a day and attend school the other half, and this law he was the means of extending to the children of farm laborers. He was largely instrumental also in the passage of a bill to allow young men of all denominations to enter the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in many other ways furthered the educational interests of the country. By the people of India whose side he had taken in numerous discussions he was much beloved, and on one occasion a magnificent silver tea service was sent to him by his admirers in Bombay. He was often called jokingly "the member for Hackney and Hindostan."

In 1880 Mr. Fawcett was appointed to the office of Postmaster General, and through no one else in this department has the public received so much practical benefit since the days of Sir Rowland Hill, the originator of the penny postage system. One scheme which he carried out was in connection with the post office savings bank to encourage the very poorest of the people to put by some of their earnings for a rainy day. As the rule was a shilling was the smallest deposit that could be made, but Mr. Fawcett thought that if a smaller one could be made more persons would be encouraged to save. So he prepared forms divided into twelve spaces and when a person had only a penny to spare he could buy a penny stamp and fix it in one of these spaces and when the form was filled he could deposit it in the savings bank and thus have a shilling there to his account. Many other improvements also he inaugurated of which we have not space to speak.

One of the most remarkable things in Mr. Fawcett's life is that his blindness interfered so little with his recreations. He still fished, rowed, skated, and rode on horse-back as he had done in his youth, and did all so well that people hardly remembered that he could not see as well as they. To this, no doubt, he owed much of his vigorous health. His death was very sudden. On the first of November he was quite well, taking his accustomed ride on horseback and afterwards entertaining some friends at dinner. The next day he was found to be suffering from an attack of pleurisy and inflammation of the right lung, and in spite of all that several doctors could do he grew rapidly worse, and died four days afterwards.

Mr. Fawcett is gone but his heroism will never be forgotten, and all can echo the words of the poet written to his memory.

"True heart! We feel in England and o'er sea
The whole of thy great life-work nobly planned;
Not only for thyself the victory,
But in thy triumph triumphs all thy land,
Which sad from end to end for loss of thee,
Of civic heroes counts no life more grand."

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the foot of the Visbash valley to a height of ten thousand feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top. But I said to myself, "Oh, it will require but one step at a time!" Before sunset I stood on the summit enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weisshorn, which Professor Tyndall was the first man to discover, by taking one step at a time.

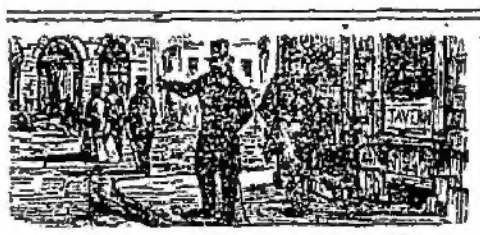
Every boy who would master a difficult study, every youth who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this motto in mind. When the famous Arago was a schoolboy he got discouraged over mathematics. But one day he found on the waste leaf of the cover of his text-book a short letter from D'Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. The advice which D'Alembert gave was "Go on, sir, go on." "That little sentence," says Arago, "was my best teacher in mathematics." He did push on steadily, until he became the greatest mathematician of his day, by mastering one step at a time.

THE GIVER'S REWARD.

Who gives and hides the giving hand
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath nought been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed
As in the grass blade's wind blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
Rev. N. Pozer 1886



Temperance Department.

A TEMPERANCE FANATIC.

Kind friends, put your glass on the table
  Untasted, and listen to me.
You say I'm a temperance fanatic—
  Mayhap I have reason to be.
It is years since we parted at college,
  Let us talk over times passed away,
And see, of companions and classmates,
  Who's dead and who's living to-day.

There were ten of us came off together,
  Here are two, now what of the eight?
But a few days ago I saw Williams
  He who beat us all in debate.
He was rich, you know; and now he is needy
  I asked where his fortune all went.
He tipped up a glass as he answered,
  "I drank it down so, every cent."

Then Ralph, who bore the first honor,
  He took to the bar as you know,
But another bar claimed his attention,
  And business progressed rather slow.
He died of the tremens, poor fellow,
  His talents would rank with the first,
And to think of his dying ere forty,
  A prey to the demon of thirst.

Then Bob, irrepressible Robert,
  Who always took lead in our fun,
The gayest and wildest of fellows,
  Yet the kindest and best-hearted one.
Well, he went to prison, life-sentence,
  He took too much liquor one day,
And a spree that began in good feeling,
  Ended up with a stabbing affray.

Then there was that young prince of topers,
  That high-headed Archibald West,
He never was known to be tipsy,
  Yet he drank more than all of the rest.
Ah! he is reaping the crop of his sowing,
  His son loves the cup and has not
A stomach of steel like his father,
  And already the boy is a sot.

I made Tom a visit last summer;
  You remember Tom, quiet and mild,
Well, he makes the most fretful of husbands,
  I pity his wife and his child.
He's pleasant enough in the evening,
  As he sips his hot toddy and ale,
But all the forenoon he's a terror,
  Cross, headachy, snappish and pale.

And George, who was called Claude Adonis,
  Who turned women's heads with a smile,
That straight-limbed and graceful Apollo,
  Who took a dram "once in a while."
Oh, Charles, you would scarcely believe it,
  But the fellow's a sight to behold,
His nose is as red as a lobster,
  He's bloated and bleat-eyed and old.

Then Herbert, he's travelling somewhere,
  But one more remains, Henry Lee,
And you know from the deck of a steamer
  He fell, and was lost out at sea.
A friend who was with him since told me
  That Hank was light-headed from drink,
And that's how he so lost his balance,
  'Twas the general opinion, I think.

So Charles, when I name o'er our classmates,
  Who all tipped the glass now and then,
I think what woes might have saved them
  If they had been temperance men.
You, I own, seem untouched by drink's dangers,
  Yet your future we neither can scan,
And I really feel safer for being
  A very fanatical man.
—*Selected.*

"SCUTTLING THE SHIP."—Cardinal Manning says: "It is mere mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral and religious means when the legislature facilitates the multiplication of the incitements to intemperance on every side. You might as well call upon me, as a captain of a sinking ship, and say, 'Why don't you pump the water out?' when you are scuttling the ship in every direction."

THERE ARE DOCTORS AND DOCTORS.

Rather more than a year ago, a lady was prevailed upon to sign the total abstinence pledge. She had been in the habit of regularly drinking a little wine daily, so little that she hardly thought that she could do any good by ceasing to take it. But to her surprise she found the influence of her example, as a pledged abstainer, powerful enough to induce more than a hundred persons to sign as she had done.

After a year of happy work as a total abstainer, she was taken ill, and she sent for her medical man. He found her weak and exhausted, and altogether out of sorts, and he asked her what she had been doing with herself to bring her down so low.

She confessed that during the last year she had taken no stimulant of any sort, she had become a tectotaller.

"Ha!" I thought as much," exclaimed the doctor, "and I assure you that it will not do for you. You must give it up at once. You are just committing suicide. You absolutely require a gentle stimulant. There are constitutions which can do without it, but yours is not one of them. You have always been accustomed to a little, and you must take it, just a glass of bitter beer with your luncheon, and a little wine at dinner to assimilate your food. It is absolutely necessary to you."

The lady felt very sorrowful, very unwilling to do what would, she knew, more than nullify the effect of all her endeavors during the past year, and would put a complete stop to her excellent work among her poor neighbors.

After earnest, prayerful thought, she decided to take another opinion.

She went up to London to consult Sir Andrew Clarke. He examined into her case, and questioned her very carefully, and at last inquired, "Do you take stimulants at all?"

"No," she replied timidly, "I was in the habit of taking a little, but for the last year I have taken none at all—and—"

"I am glad to hear it. Never touch stimulant of any sort, it is the very worst thing you can take."

"Oh doctor!" she exclaimed eagerly, "will you write that down and put your name to it?"

"Very willingly," he replied.

Armed with her precious document she returned home, and when next she saw her own medical man she showed it to him. He took it up and read it and looked at the signature.

"Ha! Sir Andrew Clarke! H'm, yes, he is a great man, and can say these things. We country doctors can't afford it."—*Watch-Word.*

ANSWER TO "PERPLEXITY."

I would say to "Perplexity," who has conscientious scruples about using fermented wine at communion, that I think it would be very wrong for her to do so. I abstained for four years, and went to other churches where unfermented wine was used. But not feeling at home I absented myself entirely. Now our church has abandoned its use. Don't give up the effort to have unfermented wine used. I believe that the inconsistency of the Church in using adulterated fermented wine is just what has clogged the wheels of the temperance movement. I cannot believe it right for the churches to use body and soul destroying alcohol in their holiest act of worship. The good Book says judgment must begin at the house of God. Go to your minister and also to the deacons. We found the most trouble with them. One even resigned his position. Dear sister, let us hear from you again. We want this subject agitated. I hope I may see the day when the pure unfermented "fruit of the vine" alone may be used by God's people. My age is seventy-two years. SUBSCRIBER.

Michigan.

Another correspondent also gives her experience to "Perplexity" as follows.

Editor of Home Department: May I say a few words to "Perplexity" with regard to partaking of fermented wine at the communion table? Six years ago I pledged myself, with many others, at the N. W. C. T. U., that I would never again knowingly partake of alcoholic wine at the sacrament, and since that time, on two occasions, I have passed along the cup without partaking of it; the odor of the alcohol was so strong that I knew I should be breaking my pledge not to do so. I consider the question of vital importance to many, especially to the reformed, striving to lead a Christian life, and to those who have the habit of drinking upon them, but who are not too far gone to reform. Oh, when will church officers wake up to their responsibility in this matter? I know a lady who for one year declined to take the wine. One of the elders at last asked her reason for so doing. He was much impressed with her reply, and as a result unfermented wine has been used for three years past in the large church of which she is a member. The pastor of the church was opposed to the change, but the officers decided it must be done, and it was. Stand firm, my sister, for the right, and God will bless you, and through and by you many others. SOPHIA.

P.S.—Miss Julia Colman, 76 Bible House, New York city, will furnish valuable readings on "Communion Wine" to those who apply for them.—*N. Y. Witness.*

MISS MACPHERSON IN LONDON.

Like other haunts of the East-end poor, Spitalfields has its poor wanderers, who patronize the common lodging-house. Among these Miss Macpherson and her band of helpers find a ready field for Christian effort. What good service these devoted servants of God, and soldiers of Christ, have done in diffusing the savour of the Gospel among the Spitalfields slums, can only be known to the recording angel. But last week our ingenious friends made a new departure. They invited nearly 200 of these nomad lodgers to a supper party at the Home of Industry. And they came: boys, scarcely in their teens, most of them in premature middle life, some getting near the foot of the hill; black skins and white skins, or skins that should have been white, but were not. We fear that soap and water and towels are not too plentiful in the "places of abode" from which they came. Perhaps they think that an excess of one kind of skin covering makes up for the defect in another. At any rate they came, dirt and all, tatters and all. And they received a right royal welcome. We have seen many an interesting assembly in the upper room of 60 Commercial-street. We never saw one that interested us more than this.

What did they get for coming? First of all they got supper; and no trumpery *menu* it was, but something substantial, toothsome and satisfying. Miss Macpherson "deals her bread to the hungry" in no niggard fashion.

What next! We must tell as briefly as we can. Miss Macpherson gave them a motto which we are fain to believe they will not forget in a hurry. The supper was almost over, and all were in good humor; so they were ready to receive her lesson in social economy. "Listen to me while I tell you something: 'Six gallons of beer have only as much nourishment in them as one penny loaf.' It has been tested and found to be correct. Will you remember that? Now, then, will you all repeat it after me, Who will stand up and say it alone?" Hands go up, and amid much serious merriment, several come forward, some to say it correctly, some to break down in the middle, and one, at least, to give a revised and improved edition, whether by accident or intent we wot not: "Six gallons of beer have no nourishment at all——" the rest of it drowned in laughter and applause. No, we do not think they will soon forget this economic axiom, especially after the very original and daring recipe that Miss Macpherson gave them, by which to remember it. But we will not reveal her secret.

What next—and best? A feast of Gospel song, with a stream of Gospel testimony and exhortation sandwiched in between. The last witness of all was a white haired man, who excited much interest as he described his struggles before he finally succeeded in giving up the drink, and how he surprised his wife one day when she discovered a drawerful of coppers,—so heavy he could hardly move it—representing the beer-money he had laid by.

Quite a number of them signed the pledge on the spot, and we are fain to believe that some pledged themselves also to receive into their heart of hearts the Gospel message they heard. They had many special difficulties, no doubt, but Miss Macpherson told them with a plainness of speech that fairly startled them, that it was their abominable pride more than anything else, that kept them from following Christ. Pride of rags and poverty!—*The Christian.*

BRITISH WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A memorial from the annual conference of this association is being issued to the clergy, ministers, and church officers of all denominations. It says: "The officers and members of the British Women's Temperance Association in Annual Conference assembled in Exeter Hall, beg most respectfully to bring before your notice the question of the use of unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper. We feel that it is a matter of deep concern to the ever increasing number of abstaining parents that their children on being received into church membership, should then for the first time, taste intoxicating wine. We have also ascertained with absolute certainty that many reformed inebriates have fallen away through temptation presented at the Lord's table, and that very many others necessarily absent themselves from Christian fellowship lest the dormant appetite should be revived, and they disgrace the holy name by which they are called. It is also a fact that many abstaining Christians refrain from attending the Communion from conscientious motives. We therefore most earnestly ask that you will take this matter into your immediate and prayerful consideration with a view to substituting unfermented for intoxicating wine at the Lord's Supper.—(Signed) Annie E. Atherton, President of the morning sitting; Emilie C. Servante, President of the afternoon sitting.—*Alliance News.*

INCREASING SAFETY ON RAILWAYS.—The Erie railway and the Chicago and Alton Road, have enacted a prohibitory law on their respective lines. They are tectotalers, too. They remove all employees who use intoxicants in moderation, as well as those who drink to excess, well knowing that he who drinks at all is always in danger of drinking too much. In other words they recognise the fact that any man who is addicted to the use of alcoholic spirits, all of which are brain poisons, is an unsafe man to be entrusted with human lives or valuable property. A. M. Richards, Division Superintendent of the Chicago and Alton Road, in an interview says:—A comparatively modern thing required in railwaying is total abstinence. In former times a little indulgence in the social bowl was winked at. But whiskey has been made a foe of railwaying. It has caused the loss of a great many lives and much money. Railway managers have learned that a man who drinks is dangerous. Hence, if a man indulged even off duty he is discarded. If he is on duty at night and stays up during the daytime he is likewise bounced for not going to bed. He may be warned once of his faults, but a repetition costs him his job. Railwayers must have not only clear brains, but well-rested bodies. They want every man at his best. Formerly the "hail fellow well-met" man was likely to rise in authority in railwaying. This is no longer true. Conviviality is frowned upon everywhere in the service. Urbanity is expected of all, but debauchery permitted in none.—*Alliance Record (Melbourne, Victoria.)*

NO.

Somebody asked me to take a drink.
What did I tell him? What do you think?
  I told him—No.

Somebody laughs that I will not swear
And lie and steal; but I do not care;
  I told him—No.

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath-day; 'twas of no avail;
  I told him—No.

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"
My Bible said; and so on the spot
  I told him—No.
—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TRUST FUNDS.

The old dictum that a man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done, is as true now as in the days when she planted the seed, and weeded the ground and spun the flax, and wove the linen, and made the garment. Thousands of cultivated women in America do the work of house-servants, regularly, cheerfully, admirably, because they must, though their husbands would certainly not consent to a corresponding drudgery for economy's sake. Are washing and ironing, sweeping and dusting, baking, baby-tending, sewing on the machine, kneading bread, cutting out night-gowns and knickerbockers, hearing little lessons, enlightening little brains, and comforting little hearts—are these such airy pastimes as to be their own reward? Are they not worth wages as certainly as standing behind a counter, or keeping books, or following a trade? But no Saturday night or last day of the month brings her stipend to the woman, as to the man for whom she labors. He buys his stores and pays for them with a sense of manly independence; she receives hers as a favor and kindness from him.

Wives who have servants do not the less earn their living. All the thought and care which make the housekeeping both economical and elegant, the endless struggles with ignorance and incompetency below them, the grace and culture and refinement which turn a mere cook-shop, feeding-place, and dormitory into a home, the possibility of hospitality, the wise nurture of children, the beauty of the daily life, depend on the wife. But men who are liberal in their dealings with their fellows, prompt to pay servants' wages, proud to owe no man anything, do not recognize the money value of their wives' services, and bestow as a bounty what is due as a debt.

It is not good for either man or wife that one should be the patron, the other the beneficiary. It is not good that the treasurer of the partnership, the trustee of the funds, should conduct himself as if he were the owner. Whatever portion of the common income equitably belongs to the wife, she should be paid promptly and regularly as wages, allowance, or share, but always as a right, not as a favor.

In many cases this matter settles itself on a basis of justice. In many others the whole married life of the wife is passed in abasement of spirit because of her husband's substitution of a false theory of ownership for that of stewardship. It is true, of course, that there is a sentiment in marriage which rates the services of a wife above a mere money value. But this is an additional reason why they should at least be acknowledged in money. And a higher civilization than ours will be amazed that the right of the wife to her own purse should ever have seemed a question to be argued.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SLEEP.

Sleep in a well ventilated bedroom, if you wish to spend healthful, happy days.

The bed and the bedclothes have a deal to do with the amount of sleep one obtains. It would be impossible to lay down rules that would suit the cases of all my readers, but I may just say that people in good health ought to sleep on a not-too-soft mattress. The feather bed is not by any means a healthy one, nor, unless it be put under the mattress, is it one that is conducive to sleep. The bed-clothes should never be heavy, but they ought to be warm. An eider-down quilt is a capital thing, but it is too hot for the summer months. The pillows on the bed should be particularly well arranged for comfort. One ought to be very large, so as to quite support the shoulders, and it should be elastic and not too yielding; it is an uncomfortable feeling that of sinking in a pillow.

Hot water bottles or hot sand bags do good in many cases, while in others they do injury by inducing a nervous, fidgety, feverish condition of body. Young healthy girls and boys have no business with any such luxuries. Curtains around beds are objectionable, they keep away the air.

Darkness and silence conduce to sleep. Unhappily, the latter is not always obtainable, although if one does not sit up late, sleep will be got during the stiller hours of the night, and there really is some truth in the old proverb about one hour's sleep before midnight being worth two after. Night-lights should only be used in sick rooms and they ought to be so placed that while the rays do not fall in the sleeper's eyes, neither do they make ghostly shadows on the walls or ceiling.

A warm bath, or a tepid, or even a Turkish bath taken before going to bed, is an excellent and very safe means of procuring sleep. Both the former act by determining the blood from the brain towards the skin, and also by calming the nervous system.

The mind should be as calm as possible before lying down to rest, therefore one should undress leisurely, wash the feet and hands and face, the latter with cold water, then read and contemplate for some time before lying down. The light ought to be put out immediately after it, not before lying down.—*By a Physician.*

BROKEN BREAD AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

There is one bread pudding which is cheaply and easily made; yet it is very wholesome, and not by any means to be despised.

Cake Pudding.—Put a quantity of broken bread into a bowl, pour boiling water on and soak until quite soft. Drain away the water, not too dry, and beat the bread until quite free from lumps, add a good slice of butter, sweet dripping, sugar and chopped lemon-rind, with a few currants or raisins. Pour the mixture into a well greased pie-dish, and bake until it is brightly browned on the surface. Sweet sauce or a little jam may be served with this pudding, and surely even the most rigid economist would not object to this, seeing that neither eggs nor milk enter into the composition of the dish.

Boiled puddings which are made of a mixture of suet and flour with flavorings (and their name is legion) will be much lighter if the proportion of flour be made of two parts bread-crumbs and one part flour. Stale bread cannot easily be crumbled to the last bit. Where it is possible, therefore, it is an economy to procure what is called a "rotary" grater. This little machine will speedily save its cost in the prevention of waste it will render possible.

After all that is said, the most certain way of preventing waste in bread is the very obvious one of being careful in cutting it. If a little thought is given to this matter, so that one loaf is finished before another is begun; if children are taught that they must not leave small portions of food, but make "tidy plates," as it is called, and if everyone in the house follows the same rule, there will be little need for contrivances in order to use the "pieces." A good deal may be done also by looking after the condition of the bread-pan. If this be kept covered so that the bread does not become dry, if it is wiped out every day with a damp cloth, and, above all, if stale pieces are not allowed to accumulate in it, but be used in the ordinary way before they become stale, the receipts which I have given here will not be required.—*Exchange.*

Francis E. Willard on High Living.—I have formed a settled conviction that the world is fed too much. Pastries, cakes, hot bread, rich gravies, pickles and pepper sauces are all discarded from my "bill of fare," and I firmly believe they will be from the recipes of the twentieth century. Entire wheat flour bread, vegetables, fruit, fish with a little meat, and milk as the chief drink, will distill, in the alembic of the digestive organs, into pure, rich, feverless blood, electric but steady nerves, and brains with which they can "think God's thoughts after him," as they have never yet been thought. This is my receipe: "Plain living and high thinking," and this my warning: "With high living you will get exceedingly plain thinking." Yours for stomachic rights.

Barley Soup.—Put into a stock-pot a knuckle of veal and two pounds of shoulder of mutton chopped up; cover with one gallon of cold water; season with salt, whole peppers and a blade of mace; boil, for three hours, removing the scum as fast as it rises. Wash half a pint of barley in cold water, drain and cover it with milk, and let it stand for half an hour, drain and add to the soup; boil half an hour longer, moderately; strain, trim the meat from the bone, chop up a little parsley or celery tops, add a tablespoonful to the soup and serve.

THE WEEKLY MENDING.

BY ALLIE E. WHITAKER.

No task is so generally discouraging in housekeeping as a basket of stockings to mend, as they are something that are always wanted and cannot be mended properly in a hurry. There must be a deal of patience woven into the warp and woof which shall nicely fill those great, gaping holes in the heels of the men's hose, or at the knees of the children's stockings.

It has been said that "some women are born menders and lay each patch so tenderly and darn so evenly, that the humble work becomes in their hands a work of art." We have in mind one of that kind whose mending was a wonder to those who examined it. She was an adept at needlework and embroidery, and when advanced years and invalidism made her a close companion to the arm-chair and mending basket, she brought to the humble task all her knowledge of the higher branches of needlework until there was a positive beauty in her work. One of her secrets was that after the work was completed it was carefully pressed and this is what always ought to be done to stockings after darning. Even the coarsest sock is greatly improved by pressing. If one is prepared with good needles and various colored yarns mending stockings ought not to be called a bugbear.

There are wooden eggs and balls for slipping inside the stocking, but nothing is so good as the hand which helps the needle by stretching and holding in proper place the worn portions. Begin darning by running the yarn one way across the hole for a warp extending it half an inch on to the firm material and having the threads close together, now turn the needle or work and weave the yarn over and under the warp threads as evenly as if it were cloth and the result will be like cloth. The first threads should be drawn so that the new piece will be about the size of the part which was worn away. If there are thin places run them evenly back and forth one way only, and it is well always to run these thin places to save a larger rent which will be more difficult to darn. The popularity of darned nets and laces will give many a young girl a practice which will be of avail at the future family mending basket, for the same precision in taking over and under thread will make a neat looking darn in the big gray socks or the little red and blue ones.

Keep the mending down if possible by doing it every week then it will not be so much of a burden and will be none too large to be contained in one of those pretty stocking bags which will make a pretty ornament to your room.—*Cottage Hearth.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Starch makes a better paste to use in papering walls than flour, and is less expensive also, a little will go much farther.

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room are excellent deodorizers.

Hot milk as a stimulant.—If any one is fatigued the best restorative is hot milk, a tumbler of the beverage as hot as it can be sipped. This is far more of a restorative than any alcoholic drink.

Some one asks how fruit jellies can be preserved from mould. If the surface is covered one fourth of an inch deep with loaf sugar, finely pulverized, they will keep in good condition and no mould penetrate.

The livers of chickens and turkeys are nice fried with a few thin slices of bacon. Cut the liver and bacon very thin, season with pepper and salt. This is a good breakfast dish.

A teaspoonful of borax in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away for two or three years.

If grease or oil is spilled on a carpet sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as soon as possible, let it lie for several hours, and it will absorb the grease.

Dust and marks of children's fingers can be removed from icy windows these cold days by using a sponge to wipe them which you have dipped in a little ammonia and water.—*Cottage Hearth.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is often a pet,
My last is always one;
My whole is lifeless, and yet
Very active in making fun.

A RIDDLE.

Unwelcome guests they are, and no wonder.

Their first half is a wrestle. Their second half regular fights.

They entertain angry insects and venomous serpents. They are full of battles, and after heads are twice cut off, cruel darts remain.

SQUARE WORD.

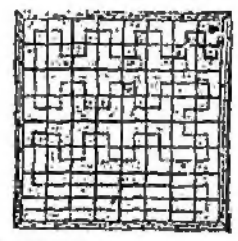
A fruit. A city. An impression. Language. To hinder.

AN ACROSTIC.

1. A famous poet. 2. A great navigator. 3. A good queen. 4. An American author. 5. A British statesman. 6. A poet whose name is like a household word. 7. A Spanish queen. 8. An Italian ruler. 9. A banished monarch. 10. A great philosopher. 11. An Italian patriot. 12. The greatest English poet. 13. A President of the United States. 14. An Indian chief. 15. A great conqueror. 16. An American orator. My whole, reading primals downward, is a famous explorer, whose life is a romance.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

PRISONER'S PUZZLE.



CHARADE.—Handcuff.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Lebanon.

DELETIONS.

C	A	B	B	L	E
C	L	E	A	N	S
C	A	N	T	E	E
I	N	J	U	R	E
C	H	A	I	N	S
T	I	M	B	E	R
S	O	I	L	E	D
R	A	N	T	E	D
L	A	W	Y	E	R
S	P	E	A	R	S
M	I	S	T	E	R
N	A	T	I	V	E

BENJAMINS WET.

HEEDING HIS WIFE.

Some one has said that the man who wishes to be rich must first ask his wife's permission. An anecdote of Mr. Williston, the founder of Easthampton Academy, who made a fortune by manufacturing buttons, illustrates the fact that not only the wife's consent but her advice may be necessary to the husband's success.

Mrs. Williston was accustomed to make her husband's coats, to save the large expense of employing a tailor. At one time, with the cloth for a new coat he bought some lasting buttons for which he had paid a large price, perhaps seventy-five cents a dozen. She was shocked at the extravagance, and said, "With some button moulds and a little lasting, I could make them at one quarter of that price."

She did so, and he thought them quite as good as those he had purchased. He concluded to employ a few girls to do similar work, and found a ready sale for his buttons at the country stores. The demand exceeded the supply, and he began to employ machinery instead of human hands.

The business grew upon his hands until he became the largest manufacturer of buttons in the United States, and accumulated a great fortune. But it was the economy of his thrifty wife that first suggested the making of buttons, and laid the foundation of his fortune.—*Youth's Companion.*

Cabbage for Salad.—When you cannot obtain celery for salad—and this is sometimes the case—cabbage may be used in place of it, with the extract of celery for flavoring, or celery salt may be used. Choose the firm, white part of the cabbage; chop fine.

Baked Onions.—Wash, but do not peel the onions, boil an hour in salted water, changing the water twice. When tender lay in a baking tin and bake an hour and a half. Serve with melted butter.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

Dear! dear! what a state of things. Disheartening as it all was, Christie could not help being astonished to see how cross the people were.

"They act exactly as though they thought the roads and the bridges had done it on purpose just to vex them," she told Wells as she obeyed the motion of his hand and brought the baby to the turned seat in front of him. "Do you suppose they really know of somebody who is to blame?"

"Why, no," said Wells thoughtfully, "I presume not; they just fret and say 'it is a pretty business!' and all that sort of thing, because that is the natural way to act when folks are disappointed. Isn't that the way you do when things don't go to suit you?"

Christie's head drooped a little and the pretty pink flush began to come on her cheek. "Once I used to do it to things," she said slowly, with a marked emphasis on the word "things." "I would slam the door when I was cross about something, and I would scold the kitchen fire for not burning, and I would put the wood down on the hearth with a great bang; but once I lost a penny under the carpet and I scolded about that; but that was when I was alone. The minute Mrs. Briggs came in to see mother, or even the market man stopped to see if we wanted anything, I would shut the door gently, and lay the wood on the hearth just as softly as I could, and I worked half an hour once helping Susan Briggs open her desk, and never thought of being cross, because I was ashamed, you know, to have them see me do any other way. Now shouldn't you think these people would feel kind of ashamed to grumble before one another?"

But the only answer that Wells seemed to have ready for this was an absent-minded laugh; he was thinking of one part of Christie's sentence that he wanted to have explained.

"Look here," he said, "you say you used to be cross at things. Do you mean that you've given even that up?"

Christie gravely bowed her head. "I'm most cured of it," she said softly. "I think it is only once in a long while now that I forget. I was so in the habit of it that it was dreadfully hard work. You see this was after I had begun to try to do right; and I thought if I kept pleasant before people, there wouldn't be anything wrong in slamming doors a little—when nobody was there to see—and in scolding the fire because it couldn't have its feelings hurt, you know; but when I found out that it was almost worse to do that than to be cross to people I tried hard to give it up."

"You are talking Greek to me,"

I LOST A PENNY, AND SCOLDED AT THAT.

Wells said good-naturedly, but the tone said that he was very much interested, and should really like to understand Greek if he could, "What possible harm could there be in slamming a door, or growling at a fire, so long as nobody heard you? I should say it was a safe and comfortable way of working off ill-humor; I'm sure I wish some of the peppery folks I know would try that fashion. What made you think there was anything bad about it?"

"I didn't find it out myself," Christie said, her eyes drooping again. "You see I got into trouble. I wanted some things that I couldn't have, and I wanted to do some things that I couldn't do, and I thought about them until they made me feel cross half the time. I slammed all the doors I could, and the fire needed scolding every time I went near it, and I"—here there was a little hesitation and the cheeks grew pinker—"I even got to scolding at the baby when she was most asleep and couldn't hear me; real hateful things I said to her, about being the hardest baby to get to sleep that ever was born and about taking all my time so that I couldn't study, nor knit, nor anything. I never would have said it to her if she had been awake, and I used to kiss her as soon as I had tucked her in the crib, but for all that, I grumbled at her a great deal. At last it got so bad that I knew I was getting to be cross all the time, and I couldn't seem to stop it; and one day I told the minister about it."

"You did!" Wells Burton's exclamation had a good deal of admiration in it; the truth was, he began to think that Christie must be a very brave girl. He told himself that he would rather stop twenty trains of cars than to go to the minister and have a talk about his faults! But Christie believed he thought she was a simpleton. Nevertheless she meant to tell just the truth.

"Yes, I did," she said steadily. "One day he came to see us, and mother wasn't at home. The baby at Briggs had burnt himself and they sent for mother, and father had gone to the mill, and there wasn't anybody at home, only just baby and me, and I had been real cross to her; I shook her a little speck, not to hurt, you know, but then it was horrid; I felt so ashamed of myself that I cried; and just then the minister came. He asked me right away what was the matter, and that made me cry again, and then, you know, I almost had to tell him. It was something he said that has helped me ever since."

"Do you mind telling me what it was?" Wells Burton's voice was so gentle, that she gave up the fancy that he was making fun of her.

"Why, it was something that I knew all the time, and I've often wondered that I did not think of it for myself. I told him that I had no trouble in being pleasant before people, because I would be so ashamed to have them see me looking cross. And that I kept my words pretty near right, but I couldn't manage my thoughts. And he asked me how I thought I should act if Jesus should come to our house, as he used to, at Mary and Martha's. I told him that I knew then I should act just as well as I could; then he asked me if I did not remember that Jesus had come to our house, and was staying there all the time, and heard all my thoughts, as well as my words? You don't know how it made me feel for a moment; I just felt scared. It seemed to me that I could remember all the times that I had banged the door, and rattled the wood, and Jesus looking at me! What made me most ashamed, was, that I had tried to behave myself before Mrs. Briggs, and the other neighbors, and never minded how I behaved before Jesus. Just as though I thought more of them than I did of him!"

"Humph!" said Wells. "I don't pretend to understand. I don't see how that helped you a bit. Of course if a fellow could realize that Jesus was listening to what he said, it would make a big difference all the time. There are fifty thousand things a fellow says and does that he wouldn't do for the would! But the trouble is you can't realize it. A person that you can see and hear is very different from one that you can't see and hear; now that's the truth, and I don't see how anybody can say it isn't. Do you mean to have me understand that you are as sure of Jesus being near you as you are that I sit on this seat talking to you?"

"I'm just as sure of it," Christie said with a quiet positiveness that went a great way toward

I HELPED SUSAN BRIGGS OPEN HER DESK.

proving the truth of her words; "but then it is a different feeling, of course. I can't explain it to you; I don't know how. I suppose if you were to talk with our minister he would make it all plain. But I know this: the more you pray, the surer you get that Jesus stays right beside you, and listens to all you say. I'm a good deal surer of it than I used to be, and it keeps growing surer all the time."

Meantime, you are wondering what that baby was about, and why he endured so long a conversation that he did not understand. The truth is, that in telling you about the conversation, I have left out the number of times that Christie lifted him from one shoulder to the other, and the sweet cooing words she continually put in, between her answers, and the number of times Wells snapped his fingers for baby's benefit, and how he took his watch from its chain, and gave it to Christie to hold, so that the baby could see it. But at last baby's patience was entirely gone. He would have nothing more to do with the watch, and he pushed Christie's hand away savagely, when she tried to pat his cheek. He had occasionally given some very loud yells, as specimens of what he could do, and now he went at it in earnest.

In vain Christie tossed, and cooed, and patted. He yelled the louder. The lady with the "Seaside" story was very much annoyed. She shot angry glances over at the perplexed little maid, and at last she said, "I should think if you cannot keep that child quiet, it would be well for you to let him alone."

"Perhaps the lady will take him for a while, your arms must be very tired."

This was Wells' suggestion, and he enjoyed the look of disgust on her face, as she said: "I know nothing about babies; but I think it is an imposition on the travelling public to have one screaming in this fashion."

"Then," said Wells, "would you in this case recommend choking, or what would you advise us to do?"

"You are a very impudent boy!" the lady said, and she went back to her book, with red cheeks.

Christie could not help laughing a little, though she was not sure but the lady was correct. And the baby yelled! Not another lady among the passengers. The last one had left the car at that unfortunate station where the poor mother stopped. The pale-faced young man came forward next; he did not look cross, only sorry. "Poor fellow!" he said to the baby, "you think you are having a hard time, I suppose, but there are worse trials in life than yours. What would he say to me do you think? I might take him for a walk up and down the car and rest your arms."

But the perverse baby yelled like a lunatic the moment the thing was attempted, and utterly refused to leave his small protector's side.

"He shows good taste," said the pale young man with a wan smile; "he probably sees that I know very little about babies."

Then the nice old gentleman decided to show his skill. "What would he say to a sugar-plum, do you suppose?" he asked, bending kindly over Christie, and showing a round, white candy.

"He'll be sure to approve of that," Wells said, but Christie hesitated, and a lovely color glowed on her cheeks. "If you please sir," she said timidly, "I don't know whether his mother would like it; they don't let some babies have candy at all; mother thinks it bad for them."

"Ah! yes," he said, "I ought to know it by this time; I'm always getting into disgrace with my daughters by bringing the stuff to their babies; they don't allow it at all, and you are a wise little woman to think of it."

(To be continued.)

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Whose name endorses this sweet story,
And guarantees this picture true?
Ah, look, it is the Lord of Glory,
Who speaks these words to you.

We listen, and are lost in wonder,
Is man so vile, is God so kind?
We look again, and written under,
'Tis "Jesus Christ," we find.

No sin escaped His searching vision,
His eyes men's inmost thoughts could scan,
His language never lacked precision—
"He knew what was in man."

He came to show His Father's feeling,
And breathe it o'er the earth abroad
God's love by word and sign revealing—
He knew what was in God.

Ah, Lord, we make a free confession;
As in a glass ourselves we view;
In every action and expression
The prodigal is true.

But from this picture may we gather
An image sure of God above?
Is he that fond forgiving Father,
And is his heart all love?

Yes, though our feet so far have wandered
In base delights and miry ways,
And though His substance we have squandered
And wasted our best days;

Until by God and man forsaken,
Our pleasures gone, our wishes crost,
By sudden anguish overtaken,
We feel that all is lost;

Then in that hour of darkest sorrow
The Spirit calls us from afar,
And from the thought of God we borrow
A brightness like a star.

And we arise, and lo! He meets us
With loving look and hastening feet;
We fall before Him, but he greets us
With benediction sweet.

He feels, He shows, a Father's yearning,
He lavishes a Father's love,
And celebrates a son's returning
'Mid angel hosts above.

O Father, send us Thy good Spirit,
Since Jesus deigned for us to die,
Draw us, and fit us to inherit
Thy glorious Home on High!

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

A SPIDER'S WEB.

The spider's thread is made up of innumerable small threads or fibres, one of these threads being estimated to be one two-millionth of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of thread are spun: One of great strength for the radiating or spoke lines of the web. The cross lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are tenacious, that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. These specks are put on with even interspaces. They are set quite thickly along the line, and are what, in the first instance, catch and hold the legs or wings of the fly. Once caught in this fashion the prey is held secure by threads flung over it somewhat in the manner of a lasso. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass or flood, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is afraid, as, for example, a wasp. A scientific experimenter once drew out from the body of a single spider 3,480 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spiders' thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.—*Prof. Wood.*

A LITTLE GIRL who has noticed the absence of seeds in bananas, wishes to know how the fruit is grown. From cuttings or shoots which first send up two leaves rolled tightly together until the green roll is two or three feet high, when the blades unfold. At the end of the nine months a purple bud appears in the centre, followed by yellow blossoms which mature to fruit, growing in bunches of several hundred. The plant dies down as soon as the fruit is formed, but the rootstock soon begins to send up new leaves again. Bananas are found in all tropical countries; a piece of ground of a size to grow enough wheat to feed one man will, if planted with bananas, raise fruit enough for twenty-five.—*Ex.*

IF YOU cast away one cross you will doubtless find another, and perhaps a heavier one.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

The Family Circle.

RESTING.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing.—Isa. xxviii. 12.

Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord;
Resting on the fulness of His own sure word;
Resting on His power, on His love untold;
Resting on His covenant secured of old.

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days;
Resting 'neath His shadow from the noontide rays;
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.

Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh;
Resting in the life-boat while the waves roll high;
Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race,
Resting, always resting in His boundless grace.

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the rock;
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock;
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet;
Resting in His very arms!—O rest complete!

Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting in Himself the Lord our righteousness;
Resting and rejoicing, let his saved ones sing,
Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King!
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THREE DIARIES.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

Three of the prettiest little diaries, one red, one black, one blue, with gilt edges, cunning little places for pencils, and above all the name of the owner in gilt letters on the cover. The three children found them on the breakfast-table under their plates when they came downstairs bright and early New Year's morning.

Mamma never had to call them twice on that morning, for one of their new resolutions to start the new year with always was to be early for prayers and breakfast. This good resolution, I am sorry to say, never lasted the year out, but they were on time for one morning at least.

"Oh! oh! oh!" was the delighted chorus as they saw their new possessions.

Harry L. Gordon, May E. Gordon, Lilian H. Gordon. Could anything be prettier than these three names printed in tiny golden letters?

"Grandma, you couldn't have possibly given us a lovelier present," exclaimed May, enthusiastically, giving the dear old lady a loving hug as she spoke.

"I always wanted a diary," said Harry, "but I thought only grown-up people ever had them."

"How pretty our names look in print, don't they?" said Lilian, patting her little book with caressing fingers.

"Now I want to have a little talk with you about these diaries," said grandma, after breakfast, seating herself with her knitting, in her big easy chair. "What are you going to write in them?"

"Oh, everything that happens, I am going to put in mine," said Harry. "All I do at school, and every time I get up to the head of the class—"

"And every time you get down to the foot of the class?" asked May, mischievously.

"I want to propose something to you," said grandma, quietly. "You have all made ever so many good resolutions for this year, I know, now suppose you write them all down on the first page of your diary, and then every evening put down how many of them you have kept and how many you have broken."

"Oh, that will be splendid," exclaimed May. "Let's do it now," and in a few minutes the children were seated around the table, busily writing down in their pretty little books all their good resolutions.

"There, I'm all through," exclaimed May, putting down her pen with a sigh of relief.

"Grandma, I think I shall hardly be able to wait for evening to come after this, I shall be so anxious to write in my dear little diary."

Grandma smiled.

"I hope you won't get so tired of it that you will give it up entirely after a while, dear," she remarked.

Impulsive May blushed, for she had often given up things after a few days, that she had thought at first it would be impossible to get tired of.

"Haven't you finished yet, Harry?" she exclaimed, in surprise, after a few minutes had passed in silence, broken only by the busy scratching of pens.

"What a long list you are making. Why Lily you are only sitting there, thinking, instead of writing. Can't you think of any bad habits that you want to give up," she asked.

"Plenty of them," answered Lilian. "My only trouble is that I don't know which of them to make resolutions about. I am afraid to make very many at first, for fear I should forget some of them."

"Now, I'm all done," exclaimed Harry, raising his flushed face from the book over which he had been bending so long. "Hurry up, Lily, and we'll let grandma read them all."

In a few moments Lily had finished her writing, too, and then the three children gave their books to grandma, while they bundled up to go out for a game in the snow.

Grandma wiped her glasses carefully before she opened the tiny volumes.

The first was Harry's. He had written in his round boyish hand quite a formidable list of resolutions. Grandma smiled as she read them. Would you like to know what they were?

"Jan. 1st, 1884. Harry Livingstone Gordon.

"I resolve:

"1st. To get up every morning before I am called.

"2nd. To be early at school every morning.

"3rd. To be always at the head of my class.

"4th. Not to smoke cigarettes any more with the boys.

"5th. Not to use a crib for my Latin exercises.

"6th. Not to be ugly about going errands for mother.

"7th. To write in my diary every day this year."

"Quite a list of resolutions," thought grandma, as she laid it aside and took up May's book.

"Jan. 1st. 1884. May Egerton Gordon. Good resolutions.

"I resolve:

"1st. To get up early.

"2nd. To go to bed when mamma says it is time, without being cross.

"3rd. Not to copy examples in school.

"4th. To practise every day without being reminded.

"Very good resolutions," commented grandma.

Now came Lilian's diary.

She was nearly three years younger than May, and grandma smiled a little at the crooked, unsteady letters so carefully and laboriously made.

"Jan. 1st. Lilian Heywood Gordon.

"I resolve," and after these words, thoughtful little Lilian, with a wisdom that both her older brother and sister had lacked, had written, "by God's help."

Grandma looked very lovingly at these three words.

"Dear little one," she said to herself. "With His help she will be able to keep all her good resolves."

"1st. I will try to mind mamma pleasantly whenever she wants me to do anything.

"2nd. I will try to do something to make somebody happy every day.

"3rd. I will try always to be kind and obliging to Harry and May.

"Well, grandma, have you finished reading them all?" asked Harry, as the three children came in to warm their cold fingers after their snow-balling.

"Yes, dear, I have read them all," answered grandma, "and if you all keep them there will be three model children in this house. But Harry, dear, I am sorry that there is any need for two of these resolutions. I didn't know that you had ever smoked a cigarette, and as to a 'crib,' why, Harry, that is dishonorable, not only to your classmates, and teacher, but to your father as well."

Harry's face flushed.

"Well, you see, grandma, the exercises got so hard last term that we couldn't possibly get them right, and so one of the fellows got this crib, and then we began to use it, first only for extra hard sentences, and then, somehow, we got to using it most all the time. It will be pretty hard work to stop, I tell you, grandma."

"I know it will," she answered. "You must try to persuade all the other boys to stop, too, Harry."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said Harry, "but I'll stop using it myself, anyhow. As to smoking, grandma, why all the fellows do that. I wouldn't have told you about it, only as I am going to stop you might as well know about it as not."

"My hands are warm now," exclaimed May, drawing on her scarlet mittens again. "Let's put our diaries away and go out to play again."

As Lilian took her diary grandma put her arm around her and gave her a loving little squeeze.

"I haven't made as many resolutions as the others, grandma," said Lilian. "I was afraid I would forget some of them if I made any more."

"If you keep these three, dear, you will be a very good little girl," answered grandma; "and I am glad that you remembered that you couldn't do it in your own strength alone," she added, kissing the sweet little face before Lilian followed her brother and sister.

That evening the children could hardly wait for the tea-table to be cleared so anxious were they to write in their diaries.

None of the good resolutions had been broken so far. With nothing but play all day, there had not been much temptation to be anything else than good children.

"It's just as easy to be good as to be anything else," exclaimed Harry closing his book.

"It has been to-day, because nothing has happened to make us anything else," said May. "Just wait till to-morrow when we go to school again and see if it is so easy."

That night Harry wound up his alarm clock, and placed it on a chair by the bedside, where he would surely be able to hear it the next morning.

It seemed as if he had hardly been asleep more than a few hours when whir-rr-rr went the alarm, and he opened his eyes with a start to find that it was already the grey dawn of a winter's morning, and if he wanted to keep his resolution he must jump up right away.

He hesitated just for an instant, his warm, soft bed was so tempting, and a nap of even five minutes more would be such a luxury. He closed his eyes, drew the warm blankets up over his head, then remembering his resolution, suddenly conquered his inclination, and with a "One Two! Three! Away goes he!" sprang out of bed and began to dress.

"Good resolution number one is all right for to-day," he said to himself, as he hurried downstairs to the warm sitting-room fire. "Now for number two."

It was very easy to make an early start for school, but before recess Harry found that one of his resolutions was going to cost him no little effort.

"Here's the crib, Harry," said his deskmate, pushing the volume along the seat to him.

Harry shook his head.

"No, thank you," he whispered back. "I'm going to work them out myself.

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, just see how far you'll get by yourself, that's all," responded his companion, returning the book to his desk with an aggrieved air.

"I wish I had never seen the old thing, so I do," thought Harry to himself as he puzzled over the sentences which seemed perversely disposed to refuse being put into Latin.

"I'll catch it for this exercise, see if I don't," he murmured to himself. "Here goes for one resolution. "I won't be able to keep at the head of my class, unless I use the crib, and if I use that then I'll be breaking another. I am perfectly sure that there isn't one correct sentence in the whole thing."

With this comfortable assurance, he went to his class when it was called. He lost his place at the head of the class, of course, and worse than that, received a sharp reprimand for inattention and indolence from his teacher.

He had to stay in after school to correct the numerous mistakes, and knowing that no amount of application could make them right, he opened the next desk, took out the key, and corrected his exercise by it.

"This looks more like your usual work," said his teacher, approvingly. "You must have exercised your ingenuity considerably to make as many mistakes as you did the first time. Some of the simplest sentences that you never made a mistake in before were entirely wrong. I hope I shall never have such an exercise again from you."

"I may as well scratch that resolution out right away," thought Harry to himself. "I have broken it once already, and I shall just have to keep on breaking it, or else study up all the back lessons, and I haven't got time for that. Oh, dear!"

Before he reached home his spirits had risen again, for he had kept one of his other resolutions by declining a cigarette, and after he had made up his mind to scratch out the resolution about the key to his Latin Exercises, he thought it wouldn't be such a hard matter to keep the others.

Harry had forgotten that his own strength would carry him but a very little way in the right path.

Before Saturday evening he had broken every one of the good resolutions he had made, even the one about writing regularly in his diary; for on Friday evening he had taken the little book out, glanced over the pages upon which he had written the record of his shortcomings, and thrown it back again, with the impatient exclamation:

"Now, you can stay right where you are until I have something good to write about. I am just sick of writing all the bad things I do."

And how fared it with May's diary?

She had made fewer resolutions than Harry, but she had made the same mistake that he had, in trusting entirely to her own strength in keeping them; so it is not at all wonderful that every evening she, too, had to record broken promises.

Her resolution to rise early was the first to be broken, for there was nothing that May loved better than a morning nap, and her pillow always seemed the most inviting just after she had been called. Then she liked to sit up in the evening just as well as she liked to sleep in the morning, so it was not long before a very cross little face, and fretful, complaining tones answered mamma's call of "Bedtime, little folks."

Then a hard example in school one day was too much for the third resolution to stand proof against, and the fourth one soon shared the fate of the others.

Now we must see how Lilian kept her good resolutions.

Every morning after her other prayers she added a simple, earnest petition that God would grant her strength to keep the good resolutions she had made, and with his help it was not as hard for her as it was for the others.

One day, indeed, her unselfishness was put to a severe test.

She went to see a little friend who was recovering from a long illness, and told her about all the pretty gifts she had received at Christmas. One of the presents that had most delighted Lilian was a dear little canary bird that her mother had given her.

He was such a pretty little fellow, bright yellow with a cunning little top-knot of feathers—a bang Harry called it. Then he was so tame. He would hop out of the cage on her finger and eat seeds and bits of soaked bread from between her lips, and he could sing as Lilian thought no bird had ever sung before.

She was telling Susie all about her little pet, when suddenly the little girl exclaimed "Oh, Lillie, won't you bring him around here and let him stay with me till I get better? I am so tired of everything that I have got, I will take ever such good care of him, if you only will. I wouldn't mind lying here all day half as much if I only had him to look at and play with."

"Oh, I couldn't," exclaimed Lilian in dismay. "Why, Susie, you don't know how I love him. I couldn't lend him to you possibly."

Susie's eyes filled with tears.

"You are a selfish thing, so you are," she said, fretfully. "I wish you had been in bed for nearly two months then you would

know how pleasant it is. You can keep your old bird and I don't ever want to speak to you again," and she buried her face in the pillow, refusing even to look at Lilian again.

"How selfish Susie is," thought the little girl as she walked slowly homeward. "I don't see how she could expect me to lend her my darling little birdie."

"How selfish Lilian is," a voice seemed to whisper to her after a few minutes. "She won't lend her bird to her poor little sick friend for even a few days. Is she doing as she would be done by?"

Then Lilian remembered her resolution to try to make somebody happy every day, this seemed to be her opportunity for to-day and how could she neglect it, and yet how could she spare her bird?

It was a pretty hard struggle between selfishness and a desire to do right that went on in the little girl's mind, and for a long time it seemed as if self would conquer.

After a quiet half hour spent in her room her mind was made up, and not trusting herself to look at her little pet again she ran quickly downstairs to her mother.

"Mamma, would you mind if I lent little Susie Ray my birdie for a few days? It would amuse her so much to watch him."

Mamma glanced up in surprise. She knew how Lilian loved her bird, and wondered at her proposal to part with him.

She saw traces of tears in the blue eyes and the trembling of the little girl's voice showed her that it was only by a great effort of self-denial that Lilian had been able to make up her mind to it.

She would not say anything that might discourage her little daughter in her kind purpose, and in a few moments Lilian was on her way to her little friend's house with the bird cage clasped tightly in her arms.

Susie gave a scream of delight as she saw Lilian enter the room with the bird, and sat up, holding out her thin hands for it, while a flush of pleasure glowed on her pale cheeks.

"I brought you the bird to stay with you till you get well," said Lilian, bravely keeping back the tears, as she gave her treasure into the outstretched hands.

"Oh, have you really?" exclaimed the little girl, in delight. "I am so sorry I was cross to you about it," and she held up her face for a kiss of reconciliation. "You are not going now, are you?" she asked, as Lilian turned to go away.

"Yes, I must run right home again," answered Lilian. "Good-bye. I hope birdie will be pleasant company."

She ran swiftly homewards, trying to remember only Susie's happiness, and she succeeded so well that by the time she reached home her sunny face was as bright as usual.

That evening when she sat down to write in her little diary, she was very glad that she had a deed of kindness to record instead of a broken resolution.

Sunday afternoon, when the children came home from Sunday-school, May and Harry stood by the fire warming their cold hands, while Lilian went upstairs to put away her books.

"How are the diaries?" asked grandma. "Are they the records of resolutions broken or kept?"

"Mine have all been broken ones," answered May, sadly, while Harry said: "I have given mine up entirely, grandma. I broke every resolution I had made right away, and I really did try as hard as I could to keep them. It's no use trying, and I don't mean to any more."

"Don't say that, dear," said grandma, gently. "Don't give up trying, but see if you can't try in a better way. I think you and May both forgot whose help you need to strengthen you in your good resolves. Don't you think that if you had written, as Lilian did, 'By God's help,' before your resolutions, and then remembered to ask for that help every day, you would have succeeded better?"

"I forgot all about that, grandma," answered May.

"It isn't too late now, dear children," said grandma, lovingly. "Don't be discouraged by this week of failures. If it has taught you that you can do nothing good in your own strength, it has not been in vain. Begin again and, 'with God's help,' try to keep your good resolutions."

"We will," answered May and Harry together, and after that, though the little diaries recorded many a failure and defeat, they recorded as well many a resolution faithfully kept "by God's help."—*The Churchman.*

THE SCEPTICAL SHOEMAKER.

"I have read," said the shoemaker, "a great deal about the heathen gods, and I believe the account of Christ is taken from some of the heathen writings."

"Will you abide by your own decision on two questions that I will put to you?" said the Bible reader. "If so, I will freely do the same. I will abide by your own answers; by doing so we will save much time and arrive more quickly at the truth.

"Well," said he, "out with it, and let us see if I can answer; there are few things but that I can say something about."

"Well, my friend," replied the reader, "my first question is, suppose all men were really Christians according to the account given to us in the gospels concerning Christ, what would be the state of society?"

He remained silent for some time in deep thought, and then was constrained to say

"Well, if all men were really Christians in practice as well as in theory, of course we should be a happy brotherhood indeed."

"I promised you," said the reader, "that I would abide by your answer. Will you do the same?"

"O yes," he readily replied; "no man can deny the goodness of the system in practice; but now for the other question, perhaps I shall get on better with that. You have a chalk this time against me."

"Well, my next question is this:—Suppose all men were infidels—what then would be the state of London and of the world?"

He seemed still more perplexed, and remained a long time silent, the reader doing the same. At length he said, "You have certainly beaten me, for I never before saw the two effects upon society. I now see that where the Christian builds up the infidel is pulling down. I thank you; I shall think of what has passed this afternoon."

The sequel was that he was fully persuaded in his own mind to give up all his infidel companions and follow the Lord Jesus Christ. But the change did not stop here. When first the reader called he had to sit on an old, dirty chair, with a number of half-starved children sitting in their rags on the floor around him neglected and uncared for; now they have removed to a better home in a cleaner street. Within all is cheerful and happy. The father, no longer faithless, delights in the company of his wife and children, all of whom are neatly dressed; and his chief happiness is to read and speak to them of the things which belong to their everlasting peace—*Ex.*

"IN MY TROUBLE."

Two girl friends, near neighbors in a country village, sat together one Saturday afternoon, busy over the "week's mending." After a somewhat long silence, the younger of the two opened conversation by saying:

"Do you know, Marian, that I think I begin to see one of the reasons for my long sickness last winter? At least, I see one of the good things growing out of it. It dawned upon me the other day, as I was thinking over my morning chapter. I had been reading in 1 Chronicles, where David is telling of his great desire to build a house for God's honor. He says, 'Now, behold, in my trouble I prepared for the house of the Lord.' Those three simple words, In my trouble, with the fact that he had, during his trouble, prepared for the building of God's house, shone with a new light for me. I thought 'Then David's trouble was not lost to him, or to the temple that was to be. Though debarred, as it proved, from undertaking the building himself, he was all the time, while in his trouble, doing something towards preparing the materials, laying by for his son Solomon, of gold, silver, brass, iron, timber and stone.' So I saw that trouble is meant to be a time of preparation for what is coming after. And then I rejoiced to know that my own recent trouble, from my being laid aside so many months was in some sense a period of preparation for active work, and I began to look about me to see what sort of material I had been preparing for future labor and appropriation."

"I am sure this single verse from your Bible reading was, we may say, a part of your material, provided by God's hand, for your building. And David, it seems, had many different kinds laid by in store. So you may find, here a beam of goodly timber, there a bar of iron or brass, here a rough-hewn foundation stone, and there a choice piece of gold and silver, all ready for use in the building of God's house."

"Those houses are we," quietly responded Grace. "Yes, I believe that though I may have seemed quite useless or worse than useless, 'while in my trouble' I was really getting ready to tell out to others some of the mercies of the Lord to me, and to magnify his grace. I feel for one thing, that it is well worth a good long illness to be able now to enjoy afresh the mere sense of life and health which comes over me with such a gush of reality Yet of course, that is only a lesser part of my material."

"Still Grace, if you do but turn it into praise and thanks to the Giver, and into renewed consecration to His service, you will find it to be one of the precious bits of silver and of gold for the adorning of His sanctuary."

"Thank you, dear Marian. I will try to make it truly so, and if ever I have a laid-by time again, I will think of it as a special means of new preparation for 'the building.'"

"You remind me of what St. Paul says in writing to the Church at Corinth. "For we are laborers together with God, ye are God's own husbandry, ye are God's building. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be manifest, for the day shall declare it." If we bring only wood, hay, stubble, to the building, instead of gold, silver, and precious stones, the fire of God will prove and try it of what sort it is, and thus 'declare' it." And oh! this just reminds me of those sweet lines of Mrs. Herrick Johnson's on these very verses. Let me get them for you."

And Marian Kellog took a tiny leaflet from her table-drawer, and read from it as follows:

I was sitting alone towards the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed;
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building."
The work some day to be tried,
And that only the gold and the silver
And the precious stones should abide.

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bundle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

For I thought, when the Master Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew.

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

"And for the true love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

—*Ex.*

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

The Rev. Richard Rock was a devoted evangelical clergyman of the church of England, who lived and labored with exemplary zeal and diligence in a lonely part of the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies. In the year 1838, he was seized with a violent attack of the fever incident to that unhealthy climate, and having no friend or minister of his own Church to console him in his illness, he sent for the Rev. George Ranyell, a Wesleyan missionary, living at a distance of about a mile, to pay him a visit. The call was promptly obeyed, and on reaching the chamber of his reverend friend, the missionary saw at once that he was dangerously ill. After a few expressions of friendly condolence and Christian cocouragement Mr. Ranyell read the 103rd Psalm, and then bowed his knees in fervent prayer to God for His blessing upon the lonely sufferer, to which he responded very earnestly. During the exercise, a gracious influence was experienced, and the missionary was led to pray, not only for those spiritual blessings which the patient required in the time of his affliction, but especially that he might be restored to his wonted health and strength, and permitted again to minister to his people. On taking his leave, the missionary observed with pleasure that his friend appeared to be cheerful and benefited by his visit. On calling again shortly afterwards, Mr. Ranyell was delighted to find the clergyman convalescent, and he was soon able to perform his ministerial duties as before. Many years afterwards Mr. Rock was heard to say that he regarded his rapid recovery from this severe attack of fever as a blessing from God in answer to the fervent prayer of his friend the Wesleyan missionary, and that he was forcibly reminded of the Apostle's declaration "The prayer of faith shall save the sick."—*Sabbath Reading.*

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

A correspondent of the *New York Observer* writes:

"When Mrs. Dr. Augusta Smith, of Springfield, Missouri, was a little girl, she received a letter from her uncle, Millard Fillmore, of Buffalo.

"'And what does your uncle say to you?' asked her mother.

"'He says I must fear God, be good, and do all the good I can—that's what he writes me.'

"'And what will you say to him in reply?'

"'I will tell him that I will do just as he says—that's right, mother, is'nt it?'

"'Yes, my child—but in what way will you do good?'

"'Oh! in many ways—I will learn to be a doctor, and help the sick people.'

"'What an idea, my child; I would as soon believe that your uncle Fillmore would become President of the United States, as that you would become a physician!'

"In the course of time Millard Fillmore became President, and his little niece, after a thorough course of study has become a physician.

There is a moral in this anecdote. The mother was not correct in her prophecy, and the child, influenced by the words of the uncle, is doing great good.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What wicked man in the old Testament uttered true prophecies concerning Israel?

2. Which apostle was the son of a Pharisee, and was himself a Pharisee and a persecutor of the Christians, before he was converted?

3. Where is it said that great men are not always wise?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The portion of his goods which Zacchæus gave to the poor.

2. The tree whose leaf brought hope to the world.

3. The country whose king was charged to rebuild the Lord's house.

4. The portion of a man's body cut off by Peter's sword.

The initials and finals give the two opposite feelings with which men look forward to the future.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No 24.

1. Micah 5. 2.
2. Gen. 3 15.
3. Gen. 4 10.
4. Num. 24. 17.
5. Isaiah 40. 3. Malachi 3. 1.
6. Isaiah 53.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1.	M	
2.	BEN	Gen. xxxv. 18.
3.	CALEB	Josh xv. 13.
4.	SHECHEM	1 Chron vi. 67.
5.	RABSHAKEH	Is. xxxvi 2.
6.	MELCHIZEDEK	Gen. xiv 18. Heb. vi. 21.
7.	HEPHZIBAH	Is. lxii. 4.
8.	ELIEZER	Gen. xv. 2.
9.	LYDIA	Acts, xvi. 14.
10.	RED	Ex. xv. 22.
11.	K	

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Agnes Hall, M. E. Moote, M. S. Gilmour, Andrew Kirk, H. E. Greene and Maggie Whitehead.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 25.

PAUL GOING TO JERUSALEM.—ACTS 21: 1-14.

COMMIT VERSES 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The will of the Lord be done.—Acts 21: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should be faithful to duty, no matter what the danger or difficulty in the way.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 21: 1-14.
T. Acts 8: 26-40.
W. Acts 11: 19-30.
Th. Matt. 10: 17-39.
F. Luke 9: 51-62.
Sa. Matt. 20: 21-46.
Su. 2 Cor. 4: 1-18.

TIME.—Paul left Miletus on Monday, April 24, A.D. 58.

PAUL.—Aged 50, near the close of his third great missionary journey.

INTRODUCTION.—After the touching interview with the elders of Ephesus at Miletus, Paul and his companions resume their journey to Jerusalem.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. WE—Paul, Luke, Trophimus (v. 29), Aristarchus (27: 2). Timothy went back to Ephesus. COOS (or Cos)—a small island 40 miles south of Miletus. RHODES—an island and a city fifty miles south-east of Coos. PATARA—a seaport of Lycia on the mainland, opposite Rhodes. 2. PHENICIA—a country of Syria, north-west of Palestine, on the coast. Its chief cities are Tyre and Sidon. 3 DISCOVERED—came in sight of. CYPRUS—a large island south of Asia Minor. SYRIA—The country on the east of the Mediterranean, of which Palestine is a part. 4. WHO SAID THROUGH THE SPIRIT—the Spirit informed them of the dangers threatening Paul, and they inferred that he should not go to Jerusalem. 7. PTOLEMAIS—a city on the coast, anciently called Accho, now Acre, named after Ptolemy Soter, king of Egypt, B.C. 10. It is 30 miles south of Tyre. 8. CAME UNTO CESAREA—by land. They finished their voyage at Ptolemais. CESAREA—the chief Roman city of Palestine, 47 miles north-west of Jerusalem. PHILIP, THE EVANGELIST—or missionary. ONE OF THE SEVEN (DEACONS)—(Acts 6: 5.) 9. PROPHESY—(1) foretell; (2) to speak or preach the word God puts in their hearts. 10. MANY DAYS—rather, more days, more than they expected to. AGABUS—who is mentioned in Acts 11: 28. 11. BOUND HIS OWN (AGABUS') HANDS AND FEET—"This served to place the event foretold more vividly before them; the scene, being thus acted out before their eyes, was rendered present, real, beyond what any mere verbal declaration could have made it." 12. WE BESOUGHT HIM—This explains v. 4. 13. Paul was set on going to Jerusalem because it was (1) a great opportunity to meet great numbers of Christians at the feast; (2) he could declare there what God had done for the Gentiles; (3) this would unite the two great parties in the church,—the Jewish and the Gentile; (4) this would be aided by the contributions he brought for the poor; (5) by the incoming of the Gentiles he could hope to win his own country near to Christ.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul at the time of our last two lessons? Doing what? What year and what season of the year? How old was Paul? On which of his great missionary journeys?

SUBJECT: FAITHFULNESS IN THE PATH OF DUTY.

I. PAUL'S OBJECT IN GOING TO JERUSALEM.—Where was Paul going? What was one of his objects? (Acts 24: 17; 1 Cor. 16: 3, 4.) How would this help to unite the Jewish and Gentile portion of the church? To refute what calumnies may have another object? (Acts 21: 21.) For whose sake did he endure all things? (v. 13.)

II. THE DISCIPLES AT TYRE.—A TEMPTATION TO TURN ASIDE (vs. 1-7.—Trace out the journey from Miletus to Tyre. Give a brief account of Coos, Rhodes, Patara, Tyre. Who were Paul's companions? How long did they remain at Tyre? How did these disciples try to persuade Paul not to go on? Did the Holy Spirit really forbid him to go, or only show him the dangers in the way? How is this shown in v. 11? Was this a severe temptation? Was it resisted?

III. THE PROPHETS AT CESAREA.—A SECOND TEMPTATION (vs. 7-12).—Trace out the course from Tyre to Cesarea. Give a brief account of Ptolemais, Cesarea. Where did they stop at Cesarea? What can you tell about Philip? (Acts 6: 3-6; 8: 26-40.) What is said of his family? Meaning of prophesy? Where was such prophesying foretold? (Acts 2: 17; Joel 2: 28, 29.) How does this agree with 1 Cor. 14: 34; 1 Tim. 2: 12? What light does this throw on woman's work in the church?

What prophet came from Jerusalem? Where have we heard of him before? (Acts 11: 28.) What did he foretell? In what way? What did the disciples do in view of this? Did they do right?

IV. PAUL'S TRIUMPH OVER TEMPTATION (vs. 13, 14).—How did Paul answer them? What was he willing to do? Was Paul right? For whose sake was he willing to suffer? Should this be our motive in life? How will it help us to overcome temptation? How did the disciples acquiesce? Why should we also say "The will of the Lord be done"? Is that the safest and happiest way? Why?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God uses commerce and the works of man to aid the cause.

II. Wherever we go we should seek out Christians.

III. It is blessed to have good men visit our homes.

IV. Difficulties in the way are no proof that we should not walk in it.

V. We should go on in duty no matter who hinders us.

VI. We are not wise enough to choose our own way; but should rejoice to commit it to God, who has all wisdom and knowledge and love.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 1.

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.—ACTS 21: 15-26.

COMMIT VERSES 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And when they heard it, they glorified the Lord.—Acts 21: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should rejoice in the progress of Christ's kingdom, though it be by other means and in other ways than our own.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 21: 15-26.
T. Rom. 15: 18-33.
W. Acts 14: 19-28.
Th. 1 Cor. 9: 1-27.
F. Acts 15: 1-30.
Sa. Num. 6: 1-21.
Su. Psalms 46: 1-11.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—After a brief visit of four or five days at the home of Philip, the evangelist, in Cesarea, Paul continues his journey to Jerusalem, and completes the third great missionary journey.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

15. CARRIAGES—baggage, including the money contributed for the poor at Jerusalem. 16. MNASON—an early disciple, one of the first, having his home in Jerusalem. 18. JAMES—the brother of our Lord, pastor of the church at Jerusalem, and author of the Epistle of James. 20. ZEALOUS OF THE LAW—the Jewish laws of circumcision, sacrifices, meats, festivals, etc. 21. INFORMED THAT THOU TEACHEST THE JEWS—he taught, as they had agreed (v. 25) these things to the Gentiles; and that they were not essential to salvation even to the Jews (Gal. 5: 6; 6: 15; 1 Cor. 7: 19; Rom. 2: 28, 29). 22. WHAT IS IT—What shall we do about it? 23. WE HAVE FOUR MEN—Christians of Jerusalem. WHICH HAVE A VOW—the Nazarites' vow (v. 24; Num. 6: 1-21) PURIFY THYSELF WITH THEM—join with them in the closing rites and offerings. BE AT CHARGES WITH THEM—rather for them; pay all their expenses, temple fees, and cost of sacrifices. For each of the five the sacrifice would be two lambs, a ram, unleavened bread, cakes of flour and oil, and wine. It would be no small expense. 25. AS TOUCHING THE GENTILES—see Acts 15: 1-30. He need not retract any of his teachings.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what city was Paul on a journey? How long since he had been in Jerusalem? (Acts 18: 21, 22. The feast was probably Tabernacles, Sept. A.D. 53.) Note the events of each day from the time Paul came to Cesarea till the end of this lesson. Where did Paul stay at Cesarea? Describe the parting scene.

SUBJECT: THE RETURNED MISSIONARY

I. HIS RETURN (vs. 15-17).—How long had Paul been absent on his third missionary journey? How far had he come on his way home? How far is Cesarea from Jerusalem? What time is meant by "those days" in v. 15? What were the "carriages" mentioned? Of what doubtless did a part of this baggage consist? (Acts 21: 17.) Who accompanied them from Cesarea? When did they arrive at Jerusalem? With whom did they lodge there?

II. HIS GREETING (vs. 17-19.)—How was Paul received on the first evening? By whom? Whom did he meet the next day? Which James was this? How was he greeted here? (Rom. 16: 16.)

III. HIS REPORT (19, 20).—What did Paul report to this assembly? How many great missionary journeys had he made since he met the Jerusalem Church in the great conference? (Acts 15.) Name some of the leading events in his second missionary journey. (Acts 16: 1; 18: 22.) Did he visit Jerusalem at the close of his journey? (Acts 18: 21, 22.) What had God done through him on his third journey? (Acts 18: 23; 21: 8.) To whom did Paul ascribe these works? Why? How did the assembly receive the report? What is it to glorify God?

IV. SLANDERS AGAINST HIM (vs. 20-22).—What is said of the number of Jewish converts? Of what law were they zealous? What had been told them against Paul? Was it true? What foundation was there for this slander? (Gal. 5: 6; 1 Cor. 7: 19; Rom. 2: 28, 29.) Are the worst lies those that have a mixture of truth?

V. THE SLANDERERS REFUTED (vs. 23-26).—What did the assembly advise Paul to do? What vow is referred to? (Num. 6: 1-5.) Would the charges be heavy? (Num. 6: 13-17.) How would this course refute the slander? Was it consistent with Paul's teachings? How did they show this? (v. 25.) Had he done anything like it before? (Acts 18: 18.) Was this plan successful?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. There will arise differences of opinion among the best of people.

II. Each one should try and understand the others.

III. Each one should do all he can for the general peace, and the correction of misunderstandings.

IV. But we should never yield a great principle for the sake of peace.

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IDLE WORDS: A STORY FOR GIRLS.

I wonder if any of us ever think of the harm that may be done by a jesting, careless word. How quickly it is spoken! How merry the laugh that follows! and yet, often, if we could look below the surface, I fear we might see a deep scar upon the heart. Five minutes after they are uttered the speaker forgets them, but perhaps for days they rankle in the mind of the hearer.

Some months ago a dear friend of mine lost her large Sunday-school class. One by one withdrew; some by marriage, some by leaving the city, and some by death, till her flourishing class was reduced to one scholar, and continued this size for two years. During that time, much was the fun I "poked at her"—"It must take you a long time to prepare your lesson for your large class," or "I suppose you have no time in the week except to visit your numerous scholars," or "Which one of your class came late to-day?" And with many such funny speeches did I amuse myself, and apparently her. She suffered and gave no sign. Only recently did I learn that this had been to her an awful trial. Every effort that she made to increase the number of her scholars proved vain. She seriously thought of abandoning the Sunday-school work, where in former years she had been so successful. The heavens seemed as brass to her fervent prayers. But all that time God was only trying her. Her class is full now, and her hands and heart entirely occupied. She has been too generous to remind me of my thoughtless words, but I need no reminder, for my own heart condemns me. Girls, take warning.

Said a lady to me the other day,—"Nearly two decades have passed since I made my public profession of faith, but all the joys and sorrows of these many years have not obliterated a scene from my mind and of how my heart was wounded by a thoughtless friend.

"It was on the Monday morning following that sacred Sunday I walked into the schoolroom a few moments before nine. A crowd of girls were gathered around the old-fashioned stove, studying a little, and laughing and talking a good deal.

"'Oh, here she comes now,' called out Sophie—which gave the disagreeable sensation that I had been the subject of conversation—'Girls,' she continued, 'you ought to have seen her walk up the aisle yesterday; here she is, now look.'

"And drawing down the corners of her mouth and rolling up her eyes, she began slowly walking between the long row of desks. How my cheeks tingled! I fear that the entrance of the head-teacher, and not my religion, prevented the angry retort. I thought then, as we hurried to our seats, that it was very hard in the other girls to laugh. I see now that they could not help it.

"That girl was my most devoted friend. Not for the world would she have hurt me, but her jest was from pure thoughtlessness."

"Girls, be happy,, be merry, let your very spirits bubble over. It is your prerogative, your birthright, I might say, but, oh, restrain the sharp words, conquer the desire to mimic, and remember, that

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as by want of heart."

—*Sel.*

TAKE MOTHER TO CHURCH.

True, her eye is dim, she cannot see as she once did; her voice is weak, she cannot sing as she once did; her ear is dull, she cannot hear as she once did. She is not as she once was. The years have bowed her body, and her step totters.

But, dear heart, she wants to go to church yet. She has not lost her love for the house of the Lord. The Songs of Zion refresh her, and the Bread of Life nourishes her yearning soul. The "dark valley is before her, may be near at hand, but she would more firmly lay hold of his rod, and his staff for the time of passage and peril. Her conscious tells her to go. It is her privilege to go, and you, son, daughter, must take her.

She has unquestionable claims on your strong arm, upon your time, attention and care. Her arm was wearied with working for you. Lavishly her time, her attention, her care for you. For you she gave her strength. Full many a Lord's day she stayed from church because you were too young, sick or too restless to be taken with her. For you she was compelled to give up the blessed privileges of many a Sabbath in the courts of the Lord's house. These days she should now enjoy,

Take mother to church, and father, too. Shame on that son or daughter who invents excuses and will not do it: "Horses too tired; day too hot; can't do them any good; it's too much trouble."

Yes, take them to church. Drive slowly. Hand them carefully, gently, from the waggon. Lead them safely to their seats. Help them in the services of the sanctuary, if they need your aid. Their souls take comfort and find strength while they wait before the Lord in his house.

It cheers their hearts to meet old friends at the church door, to greet those who began life with them, but who now, even as they, lean heavily upon the staff while they make the down-hill slope of life's pilgrimage. They can gather a flower and drop a tear where they laid loved ones to sleep in the old church-yard long years ago. It makes the whole week bright if they may but spend the Lord's day in the Lord's house and with the Lord's people, in the Lord's service. Why not take them? You must.

God's holy commandment does not read: "Honor thy father and thy mother while they are young and strong and able to help themselves." God demands honor from you for them as long as they live. Nor does it read: "Honor thy father and thy mother until thou art eighteen, or twenty-one, or thirty years of age." Long as you live it is your duty to honor them.—*The Workman.*

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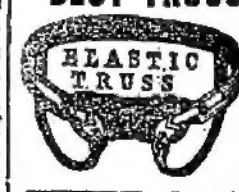

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